



RT

LATEST
SELECTIONS
FOR
AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FROM
POETS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT AGE.

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

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When Mercury first attuned the trembling chord,
And taught the soul that Music was its lord,
The tortoise-shell he strung, and formed the lyre,
Whose sounds could charm to love or hate inspire,
And as he struck the string, the ear conveyed
Swift to the ravished soul—the soul obeyed
The passion relative each tone impressed,
And all the senses Music's power confessed.
We, too, would please, but hopeless that desire,
As some dislike what others most admire,
Some feed the ear, others would feast the sight,
What's wrong for one, perchance for 'tother's right,
This likes the grave—another admires the gay,
Some like few words, others have more to say ;
We would please all, but first pray let us ask,
Who e'er accomplished yet that arduous task ?
Whate'er the talent we to action call,
Vague is the hope which aims to please ye all !

Love

Love is the offspring of a purer clime,
Not native to a blighted world like this,
The one memorial of a happier time,
E'er faithless falsehood coiled within a kiss.
—*Dewart*.

Life hath moments when a glance,
A flushing of the cheek perchance,
A word, the cadence of a word,
Tells us what ne'er from lips was heard. —*Hemans*.

Ah, Love, without thee, human life,
A tedious round of cares would be,
A strange fatigue, continual strife,
And tiresome vanity. —*Smythe*.

Thine eyes give out
Their light, as twilight shows the stars,
And draws the heart of the beholder
In

—Willis.

Through every stage Love's genial power we feel,
A star to brighten and a balm to heal.—Dewart.

There is a secret in affinities,
And love is more than fancy.—Tupper.

We endow those whom
We love, with power too absolute, to
Be a mortal's trust,—Hemans.

Is there one for whom you sigh?
Tremble, blush, yet know not why,
Whom you prize unconsciously,
All others far above.—Parsons.

Fairer, gentler, being, than thee,
A lovelier maid in her degree,
Man's eye might never hope to see.

—Ingoldsby.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn,
 When the sun's first beams appear,
 Oh, sweet is the shepherd's strain,
 When it dies in the listening ear,
 But sweeter far,
 By yon pale star,
 With our true Love to roam.—*Scott.*

Love's fire ne'er goes out,
 Change and transition round the altar pass,
 But vanish as the breath-stain in the glass,
 Noontide and day and night,
 Burns on the holy light,
 It goes out,—never.—*Harriett Annie.*

To die for what we love ; oh there is
 Power in the true heart for this. It is
 To live without the vanished light, that
 Strength is needed. —*Hemans.* *

Love may be increased by fears,
 May be found by sighs,
 Nursed by fancies, fed by doubts,
 But without hope it dies.—*Landon.*

Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,
 When the dew-drops glisten,
 Then should lovers plight their vows,
 Then should ladies listen.—*Landon.*

LATEST SELECTIONS FOR

How many cares perplex the one who loves,
Cares which the vacant heart can never know.

—Taylor.

I bless thee for kind looks and words,
Showered on me as dew,
And for the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new.

—Hemans.

While duty portions out the debt it owes,
With scrupulous precision and nice justice,
Love never measures, but profusely gives,
And trembles then, lest it has done too little.

—Alcore.

Has not Cupid's roguish power
Lured you to his sunny bower?
Wreathed for you his favorite flower,
Are you not in love?—Smith.

Oh, in thy home, where blest thou art,
Deal gently with a stranger's heart.—Hemans.

God sends us love, something to love,
He lends us, but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.—Tennyson,

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget,
Many suns arise and set,
Many a change the years beget,
Love the gift is Love the debt.

Even so,

—*Tennyson.*

Oh, there are looks and tones that dart,
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught,
Some treasure it through life had sought.—*Moore.*

No other smiles like thine, can bring
A gladdening like the breath of spring.—*Hemans.*

Love took up the harp of life, and smote
On all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling
Pass'd in music out of sight.—*Tennyson.*

In the dim and distant future,
Fame and friendships may be thine,
But this world can never give thee,
Deeper, truer love than mine.—*Taylor.*

O, what were earth with all its wide domains,
Its waving forests, and its fertile plains,
With glorious worlds o'er canopied above,
Joyless were all without the light of love.—*Dewart.*

Compared with love all things are shadows, love is the wind,
sun, fire, that quickens and moves all life-giving forces in the
world.—*Taylor.*

Is love not worth the keeping, let it go,
But shall it ? answer darling, answer no,
And trust me not at all, or all in all.—*Tennyson.*

Oh, the riches love doth inherit,
Ah, the alchemy which doth change,
Dross of body and dregs of spirit,
Into sanctities rare and strange.—*Brown.*

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven stars above,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart has its love.—*Longfellow.*

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak, it is both food and
raiment.—*Mason.*

Oh, heart are you great enough for love?
 I have heard of thorns and briers,
 Oh, heart are you great enough,
 For a love that never tires?—*Tennyson.*

I pray thee love, love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me,
 I but in vain that saint adore,
 That can, but will not save me.—*Drayton.*

If e'en thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
 That hemlock's made far sweeter than the rose.—*Drayton.*

True love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame forever turneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.—*Southey.*

A form more fair, a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.—*Whittier.*

O birds that warble in the morning sky,
 O birds that warble as the day goes by,
 Sing sweetly, twice my love has smiled on me.—*Tennyson.*

'Tis a joy beyond expression,
When we first in truth perceive,
That the love we long have cherished,
Will not our fond hearts deceive.—*Howitt.*

'They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.—*Southey.*

To the bright channels of the heart,
Love's flowing stream is given,
O'er which bright beams of glory dart,
Whose fountain is in heaven.—*Harriett Annie.*

Send home my long strayed eyes to me,
Which, oh, too long have dwelt on thee.—*Denne.*

Yes, love indeed is bright from heaven
A spark from that immortal fire,
Which angels shared by Ailah given,
To lift from earth each low desire.—*Byron.*

Love is the brightest, richest gem with which the world is stored,
It welcomes in the lonely one to the kinsman's joyous board,
And bearing still unnumbered griefs, yet beautiful and pure,
It is Love's prerogative to weep, and still endure, endure.
—*Harriett Annie,*

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the
Soul. An angel mind breathed into a
Mortal, though fallen, how beautiful! — *Tupper.*

Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in Love,
A Ray of Him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul. — *Byron.*

A countenance, in which doth meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food. — *Wordsworth.*

I love thee, I love thee,
'Tis all I can say,
It is my vision all the night,
My dreaming all the day. — *Hood.*

Oh Love, no habitant of Earth art thou,
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee. — *Byron.*

Ah, Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out,
For when I think I'm most resolved,
Then I am most in doubt. — *Ingoldsby.*

Oh, what is Friendship, pure and true, but the first forged links
of love ?

And what is love ? a golden chain drawing our souls above,
A beautiful and cloudless sky with no horizon bound,
A sea without a rocky shore, a space without a bound.

—*Harriett Annie.*

It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard,
It is the hours when lovers' vows,
Seem sweet in every whispered word.—*Byron.*

With thee conversing, I forget all time.—*Milton.*

Charge as they will, wild winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.—*Marshall.*

Had we never loved so blindly,
Had we never loved so kindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted—*Burns.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of clo . . . climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.—*Byron.*

Send me upon the wave,
And amid shipwreck I will seek for life,
Amid the waste of waters find a dove,
Amid malignant airs, I'll breathe anew,
But when I cease to be loved and to love,
Give me my grave.—*Harriett Annie.*

Neither breath of morn, nor rising sun,
Nor grateful evening, mild and silent night,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
—*Milton.*

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heaven refined,
Can nought of purity display
To emulate thy mind.—*Goldsmith.*

The eagle may forget the rock, the ocean bird the sea,
The flowers may forget to bloom, I will remember thee.
—*Harriett Annie.*

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may be,
So love is with the lover's heart,
Upon life's troubled sea.—*Hood.*

If when *you're* gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power,
That you may kind and faithful prove,
If this be loving, then I love.—*Dibdin*.

A little while between our hearts,
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing,
Still, still eternity.—*Hemans*.

Oh, love of loves, to thy white hand is given,
Of earthly happiness, the golden key.—*Croly*.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
I love to take an honest part,
But I love beauty with my heart.—*Dibdin*.

As the flight of a river,
That flows to the sea,
My heart ever rushes
In tumult to thee.
A two-fold existence,
I am where thou art,
My heart in the distance,
Beats close to thine heart.—*Lytton*.

Thou art a modest violet,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.—*Wordsworth.*

There is a fragrant flower that maketh glad the garden of the
heart, its root lieth deep ; men name it love.—*Tupper.*

Thou art among us as a thing of light,
With power to wake the spirit of the free,
A ministering angel in affliction's night,
But, oh, beloved one, what art thou to me ?
—*Harriett Annie.*

—God above
Is good to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,
I claim you still for my own love's sake.—*Browning.*

In aught that lures me from thy eyes,
My jealousy has trial,
The lightest cloud across the skies,
Has darkness for the dial.—*Lytton.*

Never speak of love with scorn,
Such were direst treason,
Love was made for eve and morn,
And for every season.—*Kent.*

Sweet is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of love's delicious witchery.—*Campbell.*

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loves us all.—*Coleridge.*

Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle,
Why not mine with thine?—*Shelley.*

I'll ne'er forget, but think of thee,
Till fades the power of memory,
In weal or woe, in gloom or glee,
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee,—*Watts.*

'Tis strange to think if we could fling aside,
The mask and mantle that love wears from pride,
How much would be—we now so little guess,
Deep in each heart's undreamed, unsought recess.
—*Landon.*

Love is the happy privilege of the mind,
Love is the reason of all living things.—*Bailey.*

There is mercy in the knowledge that rich blessings for us wait,
That broken hearts are current coins at the Eternal Gate.
—*Harriett Annie.*

Upon Love's summer sea, great souls go down, while some grown cold,
Seal up affection's living spring, and sell their souls for gold.
—*Massey.*

—Ah, we might smile
To think how poorly, eloquence of words,
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours.—*Lytton.*

Still be it ours in care's despite,
To join the chorus free,
I love my love, because I know
My love loves me.—*Mackay.*

We have seen thee O Love, thou art fair, thou art goodly to love,
Thy wings make light in the air, like the wings of a dove.
—*Swinburne*.

The birds have homes where leaves and blooms,
In beauty wreath above,
High yearning hearts have rainbow dreams,
But we sweet, we have love.—*Massey*.

My own, my life, my thoughts, my dream achieved,
Oh, till this double life, I have not lived.—*Wade*.

Love, what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear.—*Tupper*.

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters, heaven is seen,
The forest depths by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast.—*Bryant*.

Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
Thy thoughts go with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day.—*Whittier*.

to love,
winburne.

O say not woman's heart is bought,
With vain and empty treasure,
O say not woman's heart is fraught,
With every idle pleasure,
When first her gentle bosom knows,
Love's flame, it wanders never,
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves and loves for ever.—*Peacock.*

Love must always,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too,
Else, here I swear,
Young love may go,
For all I care,
To Jericho.—*Moore.*

Where, oh where in vale or mountain,
Where in forest or in field,
Where on earth or heaven above us,
Is the bond of love concealed.—*Anon.*

It is a sorrow unto me,
To love, as I am loving thee.—*Tayl.*

It is right to love, if we love what is right.—*Wilson.*

I have a sweet bark, on the sea of love,
That carries me whither I will,
With its gleaming wings like an arrowy dove,
And the sun on its pathway still.—*Smith.*

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers,
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.—*Tennyson.*

Love, like verdant Spring,
Bright, beautiful thing,
Steps forth from the winter of self,
Yet like the fair dawn,
On the poor man's lawn,
Is to wish to be purchased by pelf.—*Allen.*

I know that sometime—sometime,
Into the path of my being,
My love will glide,
And we by the gates of heaven will wander
Side by side.—*Carlton.*

The flowers of true love never grow,
In the soil of a faithful heart.—*Carlton.*

The rose will cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove,
The stream will cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love.—*Bailey.*

True love is as short as the days in June,
And love is like music and ended soon.—*O'Connor.*

When the moonbeams bright o'er the hill,
And lights up the forest glen,
I'll meet you my darling by the rill,
And whisper my love to you then.—*Spencer.*

Let my voice be heard which asketh,
Not for fame and not for glory,
Give us all our life's dear story,
Give us love and give us peace.—*Ingelow*

Ah, lovers be lovers while earth goes on,
And marry, as they ought,
But if you keep the heart you've won,
Remember what you've been taught.
—*Carlton.*

Oh may dark sorrow, never,
O'ershadow thy bright smile,
O bless the heart for ever,
That loves me all the while.—*Cowper.*

There's nothing half so charming,
As a happy married life,
And nothing so alarming,
As a vixen for a wife.—*Smith.*

If you possess a woman's love,
What more does any need,
In sickness or in health she'll be,
A comforter indeed.—*Smith.*

Thy image stands before me now,
Thy form of girlish grace,
The dear blue eyes, the open brow,
The sweet and gentle face.—*Bowne.*

Most of us at some portion of our lives,
Grow sentimental and invoke "The Nine,"
Writing strange English in which passion strives
For utterance—at least that case was mine. —*Taylor.*

Wedlock's a lottery—(or the proverb lies),
Where many blanks are found for every prize.—*Bowne.*

Oh, what is a man to do,
When the girls beset him so?
If he gives a nosegay here,
If he calls another dear,
The darling little innocents—why,
Take it all to heart and cry.—*Hamilton.*

If your life's errors need,
Repentance indeed,
Go and wed a modern belle,
You'll earn a martyr's crown right well.
—*Bowne.*

Aren't there fishes still a swimming
Just as luscious every way,
As those that hissed and spluttered,
In the saucepan yesterday?—*Hamilton.*

Kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes.
—*Saxe.*

"fine,"
ion strives
mine.
—*Taylor.*

Oh, woman, woman, frail as she is fair,
Capricious, weak, and light as summer air.—*Bowne.*

Ne'er talk lightly of a woman,
Though she whiles may gang astray,
Till ye ken how much temptation,
Has been thrown within her way.—*Wingfield.*

Oh, a bachelor's lot is a terrible fate,
Condemned all alone through the wide world to roam,
A poor lonely bird without nest or a mate,
To him there's no joy in the thought of his home.
—*Bowne.*

As oft as winter, Summer comes, as oft as night comes day,
And as swift as sorrow cometh so swift he goeth away.
—*Carlton.*

Love well who will, love wise who can,
Love all, and hate not any man ;
But love, be loved, for God is love ;
Live pure, like cherubims above.—*Miller.*

Dear woman, ever in the sight
Of him to whom thy love is given;
Thine eyes seem beaming with a light,
They've borrowed from the stars of heaven.
—*Bowne.*

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to sight for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.—*Byron.*

Who doth not feel until his fading sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight ;
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess,
The might, the majesty of loveliness.—*Byron.*

Love like a shadow flies, when substance
Love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying,
What pursues. —*Shakspeare.*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
On any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.—*Shakspeare.*

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of man was ever so.
Since Summer trees were leafy.—*Shakspeare,*

Scenes of splendour have no power,
Me to lure from my love's bower,
Courts where crowned monarchs reign,
Spread their charms for me in vain,
Honour due to king's I'll give,
But with my sweet love I'll live.—*Unwin.*

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpaired,
New beauties still are daily brightening,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.—*Shelley.*

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep,
For in visions alone your affection can live,
I rise and it leaves me to weep.—*Byron.*

I know and esteem you, feeling your nature is noble, lifting
mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.—*Miles Standish.*

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm or sunshine, night and day,
In health, or sickness, or decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine.—*Longfellow.*

Love goes towards love, as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

—*Shakspeare.*

If the scorn of your bright eyes
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect.—*Shakspeare.*

I would not say I love, but still
My senses struggle with my will,
In vain to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more repress.—*Byron.*

Surely a woman's affection is not a thing to be asked for and had
for only the asking; when one is truly in love not only says it but
shows it.—*Miles Standish.*

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke,
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels.—*Byron.*

May no distracting thoughts destroy,
The holy calm of sacred love,
May all the hours be winged with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above.—*Euripides.*

Perish the fiend whose iron heart
To fair affections truths unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved, depart
Unpitied, helpless and alone.
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key,
The milder treasures of his soul,
May such a fiend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll.—*Byron.*

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all,
What hast thou then that thou hadst not before,
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call,
All mine was thine before thou had'st this more.
—*Shakespeare.*

Long have I watched thee, patient, courageous and strong. If
ever there were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven, *one*
have I seen and known.—*Miles Standish.*

Ah, he who views thy witching grace,
That perfect form, that lovely face,
With eyes admiring—oh, believe me—
He never wishes to deceive thee.—*Byron.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
—*Shakespeare.*

They who inspire young love are fortunate,
As I am now ; but those who feel it most
Are happier still. —*Moore.*

Friendship.

Great souls know each other. There are certain touches that fine
natures know instinctively. The Freemasonry of the sons of God.
—*Stowe.*

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbours lending,
He saw the Lord in his suff'ring brothers,
And not in the clouds descending. — *Whittier.*

As frost to the bud and blight to the blast,
Such is self-interest to Friendship,
Confidence cannot dwell where selfishness
Sits at the gate. — *Tupper.*

The friends thou hast, and their affection tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.
— *Shakespeare.*

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,
To men and angels only given.—*Johnson.*

Wert thou like me, in Life's low vale,
With thee how blest that lot I'd share,
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.—*Scott.*

Friendship is a sheltering tree,
Oh joys that come down shower-like,
From Friendship, Love, and Liberty.—*Coleridge.*

Ah, my true friend, sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.—*Norton.*

Friendship is beautiful as the dawn rising
On the obscurity of night. It is precious as the
Water of immortality issuing from the
Land of darkness.—*Hutton.*

Ah, once again, ho once again,
The happy days appear,
Again the bells ring o'er the plain,
My good old friends are near.—*Gardener.*

The young rose when faded
 Flings forth o'er its tomb
 Its velvet leaves laded
 With silent perfume ;
 So round me shall hover,
 In grief or in glee,
 Till Life's dream is over,
 Sweet memories of thee.—*Miss Scott.*

Fear not, though the wide, wide sea,
 Betwixt us its billows swell,
 Believe me, dearest, thy knight will be,
 To truth and honor, to love and thee,
 Trugines Fidelle.—*Sweeney.*

Love's fitful fire may have its day,
 But honest Friendship lends its ray
 To light and cheer us on our way.—*Bowen.*

Oh cherish Love, sincere and warm,
 And Friendship that abides the storm.
 —*Unwin.*

Again thou best beloved, adieu,
 Ah, if thou canst o'ercome regret,
 Nor let thy mind past joys renew,
 Our only hope is to forget.—*Byron.*

May every friend who rests in thy bower,
Prove faithful and true as the myrtle flower.
—*Unwin.*

Woman, that fond and fair deceiver,
How prone are striplings to believe her.—*Byron.*

O friend, O best of friends, thy absence more
Than the impending night, darkens the landscape o'er.
—*Longfellow.*

Be strong, be good, be pure,
Our Friendship shall endure,
By light of moon or glare of sun,
Till the battle is all done.—*Taylor.*

For the present we part—I will hope not for ever,
For time must restore the true-hearted at last.
—*Delaware.*

Warm to the skies my devotions arise,
For the first of my prayers is a blessing on you.—*Byron*

The name of Friendship is
Sacred. What you demand in that name I
Have not the power to deny you.—*John Alden.*

He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished,
A friend.—*Gray.*

Yes, we must ever be friends, and of all
Who offer you friendship, let me be ever
The first, the truest, the nearest, the dearest.
—*Longfellow.*

Oh friend, for ever loved, for ever dear,
What joy to feel thy cherished self is near,
Many strange climes,
Many sad times,
Have done their best to sever,
Friendship that lasts for ever.—*Hogg.*

Ours are two souls whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse responsive still
They both must heave,—or cease to beat.—*Byron.*

Thou lack'st not Friendship's virtue, nor
The half unconscious power, to draw
All hearts to thee by Love's sweet law.—*Whittier.*

Oft our many woes we number,
Wrongly judging in this world,
Friendship seems in gloom to slumber,
Truth's bright banner closely furled,
Till some sunbeam's clear revealing,
Sheddeth its glow
On true hearts their love concealing,
Under the snow.—*Harriett Annie*,

I would do anything to serve a friend.—*Johnson*.

'Tis not in words that Friendship lies,
E'en when the words to music move,
But words have power that never dies,
When said or sung by those we love.—*Reade*.

Rejoice, oh man, for there are men
Who Friendship's voice have heard,
Who cherish human sympathy,
And give the kindly word.—*Harriett Annie*.

There's nothing like an old tune,
When friends are far apart,
To remind them of each other,
And draw them heart to heart.—*Carlton*.

What sweeter sounds with Life's alarm blends,
Than the kind voice of brothers and of friends.

—*Carlton.*

Show others that though this life's a start,
For the better world no doubt,
Yet earth and heaven are not so far apart
As many good folks make out.—*Carlton.*

What rapture fills the soul refined,
On meeting with a kindred mind,
Its weary wings a moment close,
And oh it finds a sweet repose.—*Smith.*

In the desert that leads through this earth to my rest,
Is thy Friendship a moistening shower,
For the tempest that life's rugged pathways molest,
Is that Friendship a sheltering bower.—*Brooke.*

Oh that in unfettered union,
Spirit could with spirit blend,
Oh that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend.—*Beattie.*

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the bank of wife, children, and friends.
—*Spencer.*

But if some go, the rest will keep
Our names within their bosoms deep ;
Friendship is purer than the wave,
And love is stronger than the grave.
—*Harriett Annie.*

How shall I pay you back again
For all you've done for me ?
Oh, gold is great, but greater far,
Is human sympathy.—*Mackay.*

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love,
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent.—*Shakespeare.*

May angels wreath for thee
Garlands of immortality.—*Browne.*

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—*Spencer.*

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Harriett Annie.

Parting Words.

I never speak or write "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken,
An heart-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.
—*Southey.*

Oh, brilliant seas of earth,
That roll so far ; between
Long severed friends ye show more dark
That seas of death hath been.—*Perceval.*

Farewell sweet friend ! thy memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, shall keep my soul from harm.
—*Moore.*

Oft as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me, o'er the sunset seas,
'Thy look in every melting beam,
Thy whisper in each gentle breeze.—*Taylor.*

Go, youth beloved, to distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find ;
Yet sometimes deign, 'mid fairer maids,
To think on one thou leav'st behind.—*Opie.*

Keep thine eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be ;
When on others most they shine,
Think they are turned on me.—*Moore.*

The stately ships go on
To their haven, under the hill ;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !
—*Tennyson.*

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers ;
Farewell, good-night beloved,
While I count weary hours.—*Smith.*

Farewell !—If ever fondest prayer
For others weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.—*Byron.*

Oh come again, fair lady,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright.—*Hood.*

Hearts there are with love that burn,
When to us, afar, they turn ;
Eyes that show the rushing tear,
When our uttered names they hear.—*Sigourney.*

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.—*Byron.*

Well for us all, some sweet hope lies,
Deeply hidden from human eyes ;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from the grave away.—*Whittier.*

How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see wild mirth in anything it loves.—*Bryant.*

Man may bear with suffering, but part one tie that binds him to
a delicate woman's love, and his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.—*Willis.*

I see thee still—that cheek of rose,
Those lips with dewy fragrance wet,
That forehead in serene repose,
Those soul-lit eyes,—I see them yet.—*Clark.*

Long, long be my heart with thy memory filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.—*Moore.*

Ah, thou moon, that shinest
Argent bright above,
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady love.—*Browne.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.—*Bailey.*

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t loves.—*Bryant.*

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—*Bailey.*

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

43

Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns on the same wherever it goes.—*Moore.*

Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest,
May life be to thee one fair summer's day,
And all that thou wishest and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thee on thy sunny way.—*Blair.*

Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh then, remember me !—*Moore.*

Adieu, adieu ! our dream of Love
Was far too sweet to linger long.—*Hervy.*

Miscellaneous.

A blind man is a poor man,
And poor a blind man is,
For the former seeth no man,
And the latter no man sees.—*Longfellow.*

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, 'ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow.*

From the light of the Past, improve the Present, and you need
not fear for the Future.—*Wilson.*

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, be a conqueror if you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.—*Thackeray.*

He who seeks the world's improvement,
Aids the world in aiding mind ;
Every great, commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.—*Swain.*

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven ;
Some tears so limpid and so meek,
They would not stain an angel's cheek.—*Scott.*

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.—*Longfellow.*

Measure thy life by loss and not by gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth ;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most, has most to give.—*Browning.*

Oh ! may the path of life for thee
Still wear a vernal smile,
May hope thy sweet companion be,
And friendship, love and sympathy
Thy happy hours beguile.—*Unwin.*

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s.—*Longfellow.*

fellow.

ent, and you need

—*Thackeray.*

May you, my friend, be ever blest
With friends selected from the best ;
May every blessing be thy lot,
I only ask—"Forget me not."—*Scott.*

I will not wish thee grandeur,
I will not wish thee wealth ;
Only a contented mind,
Peace, competence and health ;
Kind friends to love thee,
Gentle ones to chide,
And faithful ones to cling to thee
Whatever may betide.—*Leslie.*

May'st thou live, that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn,
May leave a lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.—*Brown.*

They say that a shell when far from the main,
When far from the bright sea foam,
Will murmur the songs of the sea again,
The songs of its native home ;
Then would I knew some shell-like spell
To recall kind thoughts of me,
And to murmur memories, like that shell,
From distant lands, to thee.—*Sheridan.*

If I could claim the richest pearl
That now lies in the sea,
I'd rather far than have that gem
Have one sweet thought from thee.—*Ingram.*

Here in this book which often meets thine eye,
I would record my fervent prayer for thee.
May every name traced by affection's hand,
Within this little book be found with thine,
Forever shining in the book of life !—*Smythe.*

Don't forget me when you're happy,
Leave for me one vacant spot,
In the depths of thine affections,
Plant one sweet "forget me not."—*Ingram*

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.—*Pierpoint.*

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And justice though blind, has a nose,
That snuffs out concealed peccadilloes.
—*Ingoldsby.*

When travelling don't flash,
Your notes or your cash,
Before other people,
'Tis foolish and rash.—*Miller.*

One angry spirit can waken a storm—One
Sweet spirit can calm it.—*Doane.*

It is the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

—*Shakespeare.*

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot on land, and one on sea,
To one thing constant, never.—*Shakespeare.*

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.—*Pope.*

To maidens vows and swearing,
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe.—*Winter.*

From labour, health, from health, contentment springs.

—*Beattie.*

When by night the frogs are croaking,
Kindle but a fire,
Ha ! how soon they all are silent—
Truth silences the liar.—*Longfellow.*

That which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.—*Shakespeare.*

All is not gold that glistens, you know,
And it is not all worth makes the greatest show
In the glare of the strongest light.—*Bowles.*

Judge not mankind by a single glance,
Nor pass sentence hastily,
There are many good things in this world of ours,
Many sweet things—weeds that prove precious flowers,
Little dreamt of by you and me.—*Unwin.*

Let none the simplest being scorn,
Though humbly placed and meanly born,
The lowliest thing may have the power
To open and bless the loftiest bower.—*Turner*

From snares may saints preserve you,
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
By those who best deserve you—*Byron*.

Dear nature has pleasures in every hour,
Ah, love her with truth, and you learn her power,
To charm you as long as you live.—*Smith*.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Learn more than thou throwest.—*Shakespeare*.

Be still what you are wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,
Be still what you are now.—*Byron*.

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— *Byron.*

The world is a toilet in which we decorate the soul, the dress we
ut on here must be worn into eternity. — *Wilson.*

Let them deplore their doom,
Where hope still grovels in this dark sojourn,
But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate and wonder why they mourn.
— *Beattie*

If solid happiness we prize,
In our own hearts the jewel lies. — *Cotton.*

The nuns in the cloister,
Sing to each other,
For so many sisters,
Is there but *one* brother? — *Longfellow.*

Let us each be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
— *Longfellow.*

Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest truth, no light or beauty find. — *Beattie.*

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lonely nest,
And she that does most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

—Montgo

Kindness will often melt what violence cannot break.

—M

If wrong you do, if false you play
In Summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In Winter among the showers. —Mackay.

Let Virtue be your guidin' star,
As doon life's stream ye glide,
An, dinna doubt but at the end,
Ye'll find the sunny side. —Wingfield.

Dear woman, everywhere she reigns,
The empress of man's captive heart,
But we, the slaves who wear her chains,
Would grieve to rend the links apart. —Bowen

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all things rest.

—*Montgomery*

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—*Miller*

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e. — *Wingfield*.

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nks apart. — *Bowne*.

Sweet is the peace which truth bestows,
It is like the dew drop on the rose,
Which never knows decay. — *King*.

I ain't any body in particular,
And never cal'clated to be,
I'm aware my views doesn't signify,
Except to *one other*, and me. — *Arkwright*.

Oh tender and true hearted womanhood,
Whether found in palace or cot,
What knows the world of thy virtues,
How soon thy toil is forgot. — *True*.

Hurrah, for the Titians of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre,
For mighty conquests reapeth the blade,
That is borne by the souls of labour. — *Macfarlane*.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicated, how wonderful, is man. — *Young*.

Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave. — *Taylor*.

We must all be tried at the bar above,
For thoughts of evil or deeds of love.—*Cook.*

Were every man as large as he believes himself to be, the
world would be too small for its inhabitants.—*Wilson.*

Though the mills of God, grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.—*Longfellow.*

Who, in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms,
Into the silent land.—*Longfellow.*

Grimalkin may o'erlook the crouching foe,
While slumbering on her post, poor mouse may go ;
But woman, wakeful woman, never weary,
Above all, when she waits to scold her deary.
—*Ingoldsby*

Oh fix on me, darling, that coal black eye,
With its glance so bright, while I sit by,
With a heart full of love, and a mouth full of pie.
—*Ingoldsby*

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—*Ingoldsby.*

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sit by,
mouth full of pie.
—*Ingoldsby.*

King Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,
A bird of the air may carry the matter.

—*Ingoldsby.*

May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.—*Shakespeare.*

Belles call young gentlemen to church more frequently than bells
—*Wilson.*

If we act right we need not dread,
Either the living or the dead,
The spirit that disturbs our rest,
Is a bad conscience in the breast.—*Combe.*

God works in all things, all obey,
His first propulsion from the light,
Wake thou and watch, the world is gray
With morning light.—*Whittier.*

Do not put off till to-morrow what may,
Without inconvenience be managed to-day,
That golden occasion we call opportunity,
Is rarely neglected by man with impunity.—*Ingoldsby.*

Carefully consider what you were, what you are, and what you should be.—*Wilson*.

I will give you my friend, an old saw of much use,
Be just and be gen'rous, but don't be profuse,
Pay the debts that you owe ; keep your word to your friend
But don't set your candle alight at both ends.—*Ingoldsby*.

Good gentlemen all, who are subjects of hymen,
Don't make new acquaintances rashly but try men,
And shun all the people delusion whose trade is,
Be wise ; stay at home, and take tea with the ladies.
—*Ingoldsby*

One thing accomplished, is better than two things half finished
—*Wilson*

Death will find us sooner, later,
On the deck, or in the cot,
And we cannot meet him better,
Than in working out our lot.—*Whittier*.

Heaven is above us to right all our wrong,
Remember the words the old hermit did say,
"Despair not, my son, thou'lt be righted ere long,
'Tis always the darkest the hour before day."—*Love*

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—*Ingoldsby*.

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—*Wilson*.

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fore day."—*Lover*.

A mighty land is the land of dreams,
With steps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trilling streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.—*Bryant*.

If spirits of darkness do wait, as 'tis said,
To pilot our way if towards wrong we would tread,
Oh, watching us also, are spirits of light,
To shed a bright ray on our pathway when right.—*Lover*.

It dinna do to gang around,
As surly as a bear,
And girn and growl the whole day long
And fret, and fume, and swear,
And keep folks in hot water wi'
Your everlasting din,
That's no the way to gain respect,
Nor men's esteem to win.—*Wingfield*.

Alas, this is an age of gold,
And women's hands are bought and sold,
While young hearts wither and grow cold.—*Bowne*.

Ah, joy is often more a guest
In simple heart, than haughty breast.—*Gray*.

Be true, all distances to your good name belong,
'Tis not so far from star to star, as 'tis from right to
—

What do we live for ?
We live not to rust out,
Slothfully standing aloof from the strife ;
A thousand times better,
More noble to wear out,
Battered and bruised in the hot forge of life.

—*Jennie E*

Every heart that throbs must know
Fountains sweet and bitter ;
Either we may cause to flow,
By the words we utter.—*Reade*.

Pray tell, why should our hearts be sad ?
Yes, yes, why should we not be glad ?
We've food and drink, and clothes to wear,
What need we care ?—*Bracov*.

A lie which is all a lie, may be met with and fought outright
But a lie which is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight,
—*Tenn*,

ood name belong,
as 'tis from right to wrong
—*Carlton*

Malice, Envy and Revenge often like Haman erect their own
towers.—*Wilson*.

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—*Jennie Haigh*

Oh, in thy home, where blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart.—*Hemans*.

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Reade.

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there,
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.—*Whittier*

Never speak unless you have something to say, and always stop
when you've said it.—*Wilson*.

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He that does the best he can is as worthy as he that does the
best.—*Wilson*.

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er matter to fight,
—*Tennyson*.

Not for ever must we labour,
Mid rough iron's ceaseless ding,
Hope is nestling in our bosoms,
Waiting for the bell to ring.
—*Harriett Annie*

God bless our native country,
And grant that evermore,
Truth, charity, and freedom dwell,
As now upon her shore.—*Whittier.*

Who would not be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold
On a throne.—*Tennyson.*

Who would not be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair,
Under the sea,
In a golden curl,
With a crown of pearl,
On a throne.—*Tennyson.*

Those who praise themselves will seldom have any other than
self praise.—*Wilson.*

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky the bird's sure flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.—*Bryant.*

To gain but your smile were I Sardanapalus,
I'd descend from my throne and be boots at an ale-house.
—*Glover.*

Do you not sing—Oh, sure the charm is thine,
Which drew bright angels to Cecilia's shrine?—*Taylor.*

If my fond heart were made of glass,
And you could see what there doth pass,
Chamer! my ever charming fair,
You'd see your own sweet image there.—*Combe.*

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see
Inclination and duty unite and agree,
Because it's a case
That rarely takes place.—*Ingoldsby.*

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in
The following maxim—Beware of eaves-dropping,
Don't make use of language that is not well scann'd,
Don't meddle with matters you don't understand.
—*Ingoldsby.*

Blest be the hour when gentle sleep
Throughout the wearied frame doth creep
And kindly give to human woes,
Oblivion's mantle of repose.—*Combe.*

We have all, it is said, in the course of our lives,
Need's must ride when a certain old gentleman drives ;
'Tis the same with a lady, if once she contrives
To get hold of the ribbons, how vainly one strives
To escape her control, then while one survives
We'll succumb to the She Saints, our sweethearts and wives.
—*Ingoldsby.*

Ah, there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.—*Shakespeare.*

Ill blows a wind that profits nobody.—*Shakespeare.*

There are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotion,
that if into its depths, like a pebble, drops some careless word, it
o'erflows, and its secret, spilt on the ground like water, can never
be gathered again.—*Miles Standish.*

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And moves in search of thine.—*Byron.*

The grave itself is but a covered bridge
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness.
—*Longfellow.*

These summer voices speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquility,
And endless confidence in thee.—*Longfellow.*

Let us be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all
things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of
Friendship.—*Priscilla.*

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you that been told.—*Shakespeare.*

Gives not the hawthorn hedge a sweeter shade,
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy,
To kings that fear their subjects treachery ?—*Shakespeare.*

Ah, the souls of those who die,
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.—*Longfellow.*

Sweet flowers ; of all the thousand hearts
That daily love you and caress,
How few the happy, secret find,
Of your calm loveliness.—*Keble.*

Sweet nature hath a gift for all,
Who listen to her gentle call,
Though many proudly turn aside,
And scorn to take her for their guide.—*Wynd.*

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds.—*Longfellow.*

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy teeth are not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.—*Shakespeare.*

Let not him that putteth his hand to the ploughshare look backward, though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains.—*Miles Standish.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remembered not.—*Shakespeare.*

The man of firm and noble soul,
No factious clamours can control,
No tyrant's brow in vengeance bent
Can swerve him from his just intent.—*Byron.*

Now had not woman worked our fall,
How many who have trades and avocations
Would shut up shop, in these our polished nations,
And have no business to transact at all.—*Colman.*

Blessed are they who from great gain,
Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
But holier still shall be his part,
Who gives one coin with pitying heart.—*Eliza Cook.*

It's a comfort to think the good Lord knows,
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account,
For all the pennies, we long to gie.—*Cameron.*

The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things.—*Shirley.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe,
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand and virtue show.—*Shakespeare.*

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern,
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to burn,
And many a withering thought lies hid not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.
—*Byron.*

Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
—*Shakespeare.*

Some die of withered or of broken hearts,
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered on the lists of Fate.—*Byron.*

Oh, woman wronged can cherish hate,
More deep and dark than mankind may.—*Whittier.*

Ye youths, oh beware,
How you run after the fair,
Avoid quarrels and jars,
Don't smoke nasty cigars,
Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven,
And be up in the morning by half-past seven.

—*Ingoldsby.*

To poor Richard's homely proverb attend,
If you want things well managed, go, and not send,
A messenger's often a negligent elf,
If its business of consequence, do it yourself.

—*Glen.*

Many desire to control—few to control desire,—*Wilson.*

All is change, woe is woe,
Joy is sorrow's brother,
Grief and gladness steal,
Symbols of each other.—*Tennyson.*

Life is a journey, on we go,
Through many a scene of joy and woe,
Time flits along and will not stay,
Nor let us linger on our way.—*Combe.*

My friends if you'd prosper, and sleep in whole bones,
If you've glass in your windows, pray never throw stones.
—*Ingoldsby*.

Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury of the taste,
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take and give,
Kiss me then,
Every moment and again.—*Saxe*.

To every lonely lady bright,
What wish I but a faithful knight.—*Scott*.

Hope is a banker on whom we may draw for ready funds at all
times.—*Wilson*.

Speak gently, 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity may tell.—*Brown*.

The best way to revenge our enemies is to make friends of
them.—*Wilson*.

Like the trees still wider spreading,
Laden boughs and thrusting roots,
All the life we now are leading,
Foster sweet or bitter fruits.—*Webb.*

Who can say,
Why to-day,
To-morrow will be yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.—*Tennyson.*

How little we know of the cares and woes,
The gnawing worm and the secret blight,
That hold their revels in human hearts,
Deeply hidden from mortal sight.—*Harriett Annie.*

Though unforgotten where it lies,
One seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming in the desert cast,
Shall rise with fruit and bloom at last.—*Whittier.*

We are at much more trouble and expense to please the rich,
than to do good to the poor.—*Wilson.*

Fear not the sceptic's puny hands,
While near your school the church spire stands,
Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule,
While near the church spire stands the school.
—*Whittier.*

Ye noble few who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.
—*Thomson.*

Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to Truth ;
Nature is Christian, preaches to mankind,
And bids dead matter aid us in our creeds.
—*Martin.*

It is easier to mistake our rights than to right our mistakes.
—*Wilson.*

Our life in such a mould is cast,
It is plain it is not made to last,
It is but a state of trial here,
To fit us for a purer sphere,
A scene of contest for a prize,
That in another region lies.—*Combe.*

It is good to be unpopular when it is unpopular to be good.
—*Wilson.*

In thee may joy with duty join,
And strength unite with love,
The eagle's pinions folding round,
The warm heart of the dove.—*Whittier.*

Peace be with all, whate'er their varying creeds,
Who send up holy thoughts to God on high.—*Hemans.*

Give me the mind that mocks at care,
The heart its own defender,
The spirits that are light as air,
And never say, Surrender.—*Smythe.*

Oh, who shall bear the lamp of Truth,
To us may grace be given,
To loose the bands of sin on earth,
And find them loosed in heaven.—*Harriett Annie.*

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light,—*Wordsworth.*

How many of us at this very hour,
Do forge a life long trouble for ourselves.
By taking true for false, or false for true.—*Tennyson.*

Give unto each made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of clear truth live.—*Baker.*

Oh, Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.—*Scott.*

Art builds on sand, the work of pride,
And human passions change and fall,
But that which shares the life of God
With Him surviveth all.—*Whittier.*

Virtue sole survives, immortal, never failing,
Friend of man, his guide to happiness on high.
—*Thomson,*

If a man writes little, he needeth a present wit ; if he converse
little, he needeth a good memory ; if he read little, he hath need
of much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.—*Bacon,*

The life of a discontented man is a tune in which all the notes are discord.—*Wilson*.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny,
We reap what we have sown.—*Whittier*.

Angels of Purity, near us stay,
Angels of Charity, light our way,
While through the forest of life we roam,
Steadily, patiently, journeying home.
—*Harriett Annie*.

If you wish to be wise, it is wise to wish.—*Wilson*.

Virtue embraces every state,
And while it gilds the rich and great,
It cheers their heart who humbly stray
Along life's more sequestered way.—*Combe*.

There's something in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by and by.—*Tennyson*.

Why two and two are four, why is round not square?
What do the bulrush and the wheat ears there?
How you are you, why I am I?
Who will riddle the how and the why?—*Tennyson.*

There are two things very difficult to keep—Silence and Secrets.
—*Wilson.*

Though thy earth be as the iron,
And thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness,
Whose power is over all.—*Whittier.*

Never *ex*-press what you should *sup*-press, nor *re*-press what
you should *ex*-press.—*Wilson.*

If thou hast arched a rainbow in the sky,
If eyes have set in smiles that rose in tears,
Bless thou thy God.—*Harriett Annie.*

Whenever a noble deed is wrought,
Whenever is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.—*Longfellow.*

Oh, shall we despond while the pages of time,
Still open before us their records sublime?
And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future and not to the past.—*Sargent.*

Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all earth's family love one another.—*Massey.*

To make a happy fireside
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.—*Burns.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*

There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground,
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream—
The very meanest things are made supreme.—*Taylor.*

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the evil.—*Smith*

Is not Nature's worship thus,
Ever ceaseless, going on?
Hath it not a voice for us
In each varied form and tone?
Speaking to the unsealed ear
Words of blended love and fear.—*Whittier*.

Always think what you say, although you may not always say
what you think.—*Wilson*.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things.—*Tennyson*.

What is noble? that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still.—*Swain*.

Hope on, hope ever, though to-day be dark, the sweet sunburst
may smile on thee to-morrow. —*Massey*.

Not far the hour, not long the day,
Ere we shall pass, far, far away,
The tree, whose bending branches bear
The one loved name, will yet be there,
But where the hand that carved it?—Where?

—*Swift*.

Fancy, sweet sprite, she can bestow
A pleasing respite to our woe,
That our corroding cares beguile,
And make the way-worn face to smile. —*Combe*.

There never was a cloud so thick and black,
But it may sometime break, and on its track
The glorious sun come streaming. —*Carlton*.

Above the stars there is rest,
Suffer, in patience confiding,
Life with its harass and chiding,
There peace eternal abiding,
Maketh the weary one blest. —*Bailey*.

On still, with honest purpose toil we on,
And if our step be onward, straight and true,
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come breaking through.
Carlton.

Let your innocence staunch the wound
Made by another's guilt,
For vengeance's blade was ever made,
With neither guard or hilt.—*Carlton.*

Economy study, but don't be mean,
A penny may lose a pound,
And all through the world a conscience clear,
Will carry you safe and sound.—*Clifton.*

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.—*Barton.*

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood ;
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.—*Davies*.

The blessings of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her fancy pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.—*Whittier*.

And what care I how rich you be ?
I love you if your thoughts are pure,
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure.—*Mackay*.

But you ! O you !
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.—*Shakespeare*.

He who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For other's good, is a poor frozen churl.—*Joanna Bailey*.

Kind souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.—*Addison.*

In my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.—*Cowper.*

Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.—*Spenser.*

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.—*Marlowe.*

Lady, heed not the turning of a polished rhyme,
I would not compliment thee if I could,
Though young and gleesome, and in girlhood's prime,
Mind not the beautiful—love still the good.—*Henry.*



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—Spenser.

lowe.

me,

s prime,
—Henry.